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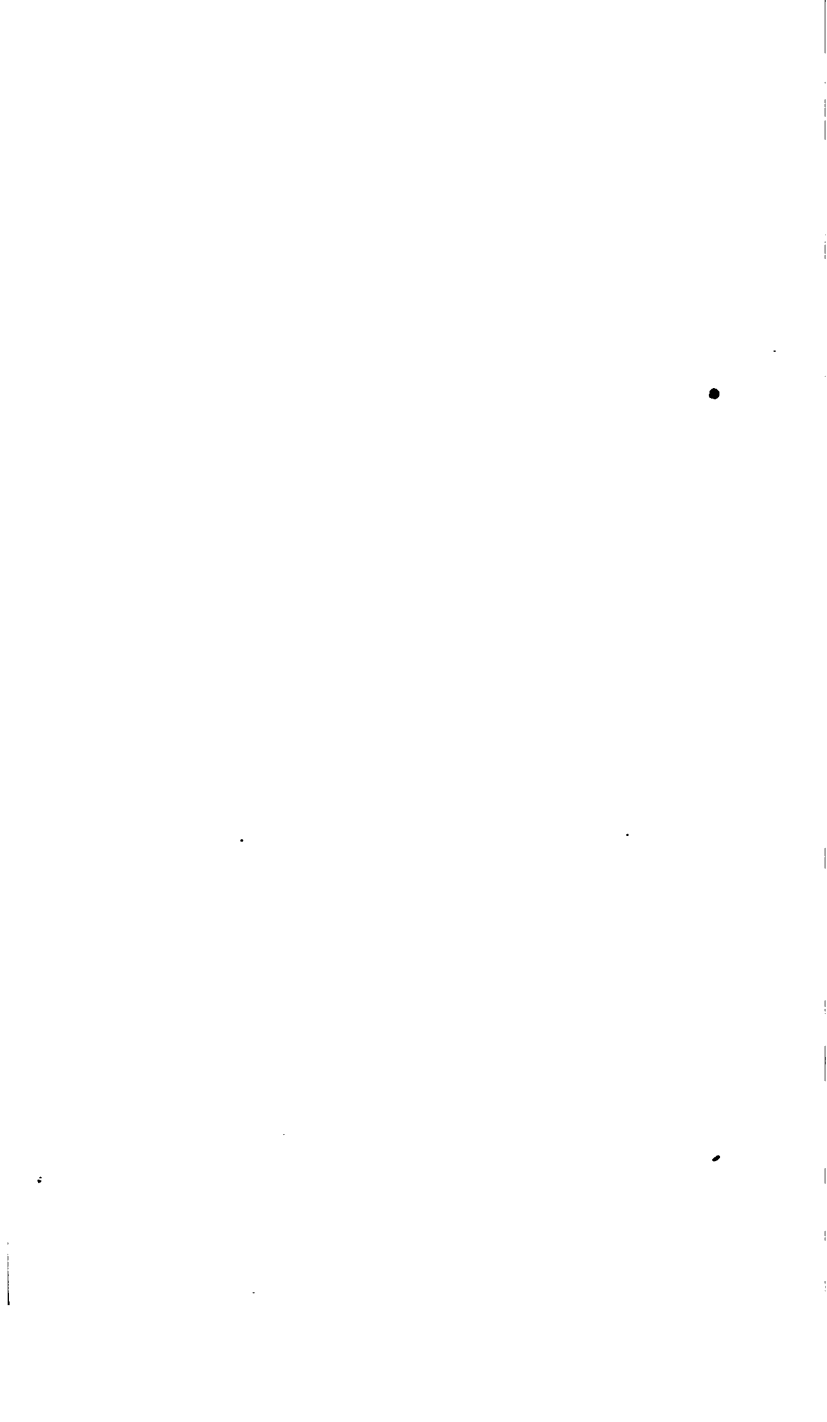
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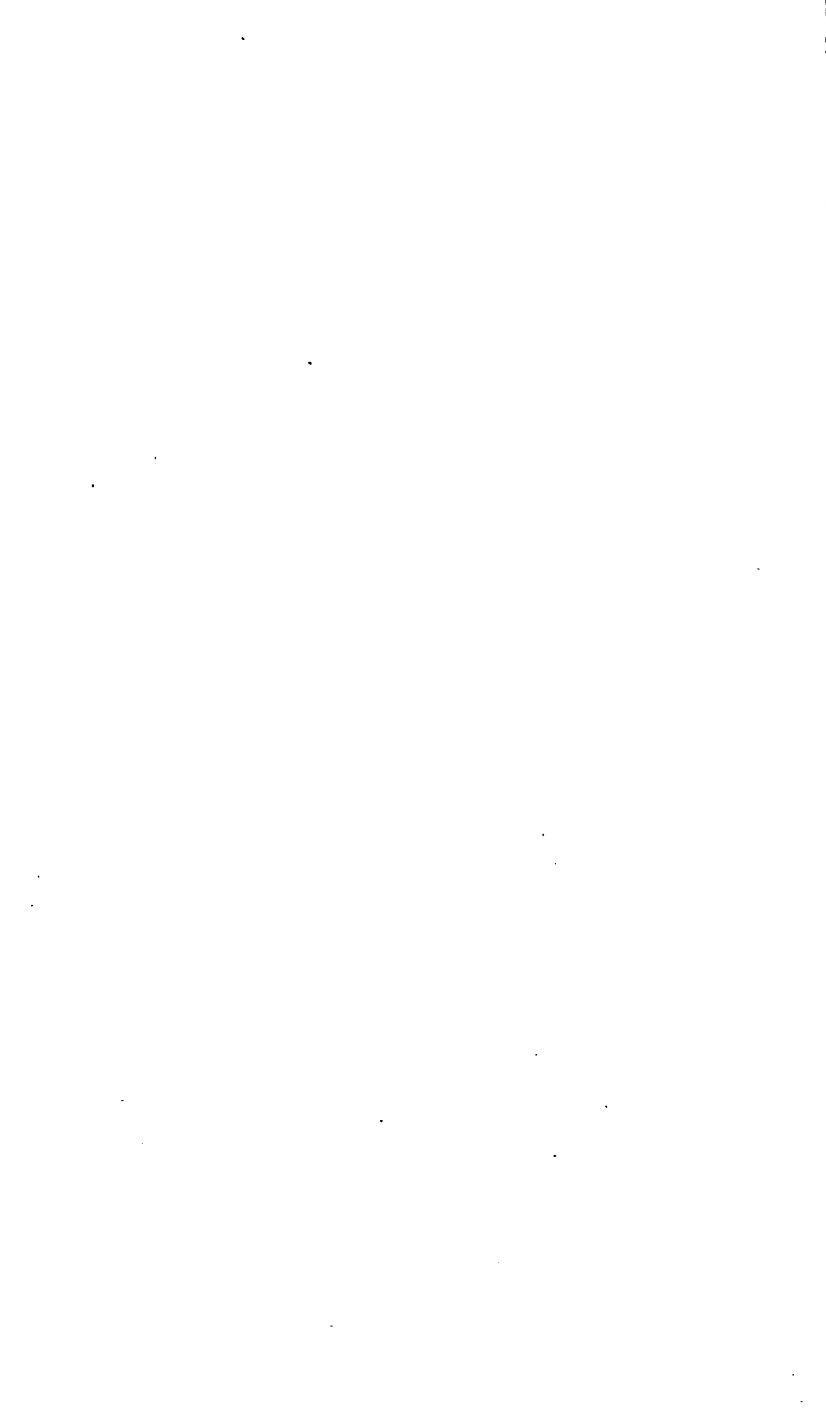
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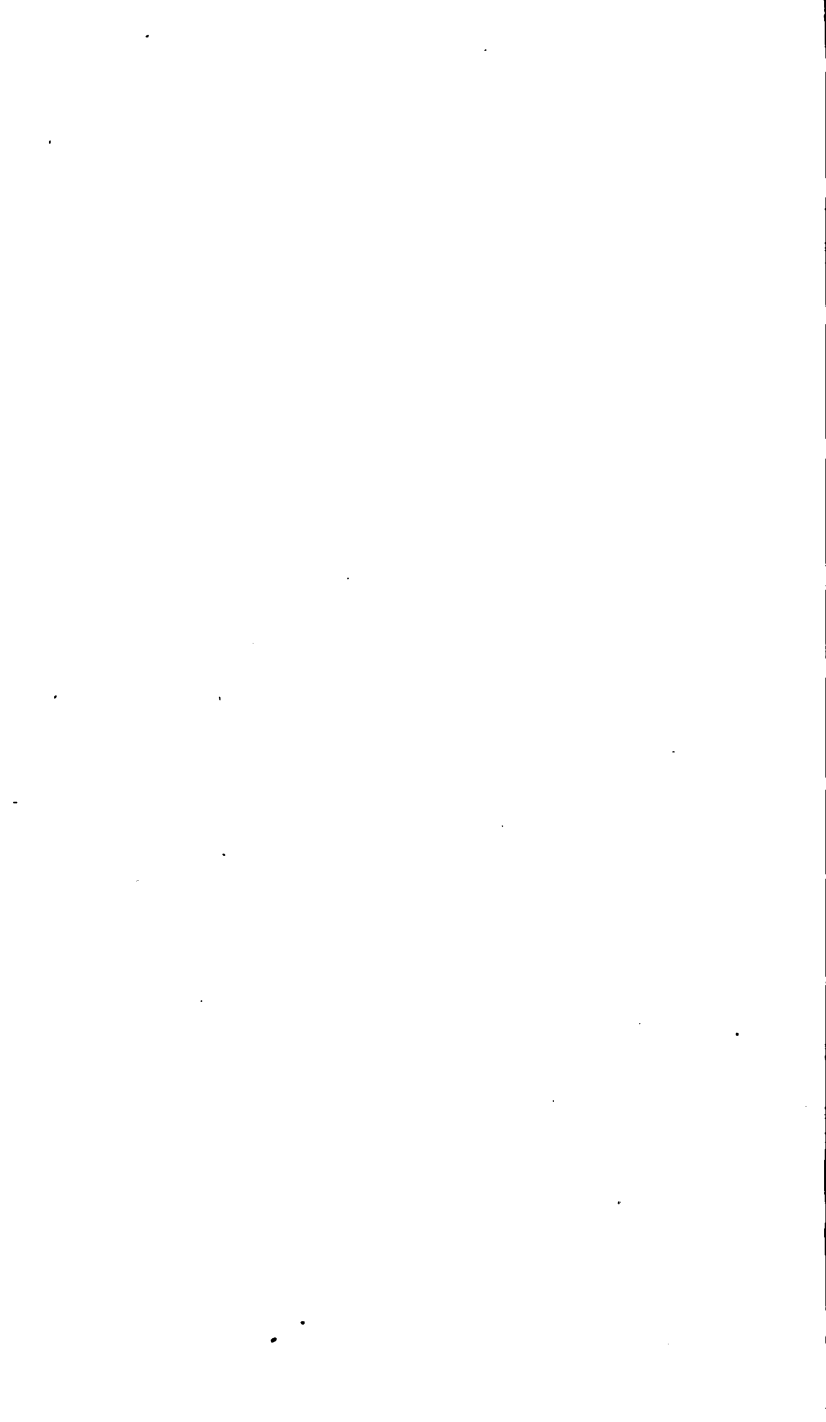




Y A N K E E L A N D

AND

T H E Y A N K E E .



YANKEE LAND

AND

THE YANKEE.

By DANIEL MARCH.

HARTFORD.

PRINTED BY CASE, TIFFANY AND BURNHAM.

1840.

The following poem was written at the request of the Committee of Arrangements of the Connecticut Historical Society, for their Centennial celebration, at Hartford, April 21, 1840, and recited at the dinner, on that occasion.

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Y A N K E E L A N D

AND THE

Y A N K E E .

Ye have heard, ye have heard of the glorious climes
That are ringing so oft in the poet's rhymes ;
The gorgeous East, with its pearl and gold,
And sages and bards, and heroes of old ;

Fair Greece, with the tales of its high renown,
And the Isles around which, the Ægean wave
Moans deep, for the loss of the proud and brave ;

And eternal Rome, whose slightest frown
Could change the free to the cowering slave.

Ye have heard, ye have heard of the fairy land,
Of the fanciful creatures of air and light,
That sport on the moon-beams, or wait the command
Of the Elfin queen, in the starry night.

1.

Ye have heard, ye have heard of the western land,
With the cities and towns as they *seem* on paper,
All built in a night, by the printer's hand,
And as real on the *morn* as the morning vapor.

And the fine speculators, who learn'd a tale
"Down east," of its saw-mills and "timber lands,"
When the sad distress of the day of "no sale,"
Threw the richest of bargains, all back on their hands.
But of all the fair lands 'tween the east, and the west,
The land that we hold ever dearest and best,
Is the one which is call'd by a worthy old name ;
Tho' rare to be found, in the poet's soft lay,
It was placed years ago, on the long rolls of fame,
And on them forever, with honor shall stay.

It is guarded around by a far firmer wall,
Than ever of granite, or marble, was made ;
Not even *old time*, who is said to eat all,
Or mars its great strength, or its beauty destroys,
Where the solid foundations so deeply are laid.
This wall on the north, is the 'Green Mountain Boys ;
On the east, Bunker hill, and our grey Faneuil Hall ;

On the west, Saratoga, link'd with the north river ;
On the south, through invasion and dark revolution,
Has *ever* been guarded, and will be forever,
By our tars, and our ships, and our firm constitution.

The land of stern habits, is stretched thro' the middle,
Well known for its sons, scarcely out of their *teens*,
Who will make you to order, all sorts of machines,
From a cotton gin down to a cornstalk fiddle.
The good old name, of this broad domain,
Of the cheerful heart, and ready hand,
Is but seldom heard in the poet's strain,
But I think *you* will *guess*, it is Yankee Land !

'Tis the land that the free and the fearless tread,
Endeared by the fireside's holy hearth,
By the hallowed graves of its glorious dead,
And its living names of immortal worth.
What though 'tis a stern and rock-bound soil,
That loads no board, for the slaves of ease ?
Its sons go forth to their healthful toil,
As glad, and as free, as the mountain breeze.
And who would prefer the soulless charm,
Of pomp and pleasure's deceitful show,

To the iron strength in the laborer's arm,
And the life and glow, on his hardy brow ?

Of the men of this land, no scholar hath seen
One half of their multiform history ;
No voyager has sailed where their ships have not been,
No seer can divine where they will not be.
They've been o'er the waves of the stormy sea,
They've explored the wilds of the strangest clime ;
And a very small thing, they would think it to be,
To have stolen a march on the flight of Time.
Of the traits of their minds — too many to mention —
The strongest and quickest, perhaps, is invention.

They say that the marble would *breathe*, of old,
When it felt the touch of a Phidias' hand ;
But a stranger tale, might be often told,
Of many a son in our Yankee land.
The skill of the Greek was confined to shape ;
He fashioned that right, and left it there ;
The Yankee proceeds — though a *man* or an *ape*,
Be the figure once wrought, he dismisses *that care*,
And sticks to his point, like an *obstinate Turk*,
For whatever the form, he will then *make it work*.

He cares very little how well a thing looks,
Or how the beholder will probably feel,
Or for laws of good taste, that are laid down in books ;
It is nothing to him, if it won't turn a wheel.

He cannot endure a mere *idle thing* ;
He makes nature, and art, yield him practical motion,
From the tumbling river, or murmuring spring,
To the winds that must bear him on every ocean.
The soft lazy gales of Italian shores,
Would not dare to pass by, where a Yankee is seen,
For fear they should find themselves pulling *his oars*,
Or at work on the wheels, of some monstrous machine.

He don't seem to nourish the fire of ambition,
And yet should he live in life's lowest condition,
You will hear of his name, and the deeds he has
done,
Though he earns his renown in a peaceable way,
And surely far more to his honor than they
Who, through bloodshed, can boast of the trophies
they've won.

But seek not his niche in the temple of Fame.
Would you look for the annals that bear up his name ?
Go, follow the footsteps of practical life ;
Ask there, what adorns and improves it the most,
By lightening its labor and calming its strife ;
You will find it is something a Yankee can boast,
That he made it first, and now *sells it at cost*.

Indeed you must know that the turn of his mind,
Is so doggedly bent in the way of inventing,
That the goddess of Fame has been sadly lamenting,
In view of the trouble she feared she should find,
With her old-fashioned shrine, in the business of
renting.

For in Heathenish times, she had her dear heroes,
At once the blessing, and curse, of mankind ;
Her Hectors and Cæsars, and Trajans and Neroes,
With their virtues and vices all closely combined.

And the world had some need of such monsters then,
In default of plain sense, and of good common law ;
And 'twere very unkind not to furnish a den
For the beasts that devoured its troublesome men ;

So it set up a temple—the “Temple of Fame,”—
Changed its heroes to gods, to cover their shame,
And placed them there with permission to draw
A lasting support from its own resources,
Of pæans, and triumphs, and triumphal verses.

But the Yankee is bent upon making a hero
Of every man, though his blood should but stir,
By imperial dictation, at *ten* below zero,
A despotic thermometer gaged by the Czar.
And when he's done that, will *he care* for *Fame*?
Unless the change of the times and moons,
Should at last compel the inconstant dame,
To teach her old trumpet some dozen new tunes.

He loves his home and native land;
And none would pledge, in danger's hour,
Against the proud invader's power,
A truer heart or firmer hand.
And yet he will leave that home, behind;
Commit his all to the faithless wind,
With a cargo of ice, or some other cold *notion*,
He exchanges land for the shoreless ocean,

He makes the West Indies a call of a day,
Gives "John Bull" a Parliament speech on his way,
Or draws up a grammar in *modern Malay*,
Which reaches "the Board" on the *fifteenth of May*.

He contracts for a railroad with Ali Pacha,
And says it would give him the greatest of pleasure
To look up, some *morning*, the source of the Nile,
Or tunnel the pyramids, when he has leisure ;
But's engaged as a doctor at Canton awhile.
After practising there with applause and success,
(Of which he's no doubt,) should his patients seem
failing,
He will doff his broad hat, and his loose nankin dress,
And start off to sea for a short bout at whaling.
When well versed in the use of the deadly harpoon,
And can try up a whale on the deck of a ship,
In the terrible sun of a tropical noon,
He will take a "French leave," give the whalemén
the slip,
And be found quite at ease in some far northern zone,
Enquiring the wages, they there give for trapping,
Relying full well on the skill he had shown,
When a youngster, at catching the weasel a-napping.

In three or four years he comes strolling home,
With his purse full of cash, and his head full of
knowledge,
Of more curious kinds, than could ever have come
From the dignified walls of an old classic college.
It depends on the times, and his own quick invention,
As for what sort of business, he next means to look ;
If the stocks should be dull, and the banks "in sus-
pension,"

He will sit down at home and soon write *out a book*.
Or (suspecting no harm) he is made "*life director*"

In some money concern, of the state, or the nation ;
But, *detecting the scheme*, gives the public a *lecture* —
Has a *conscience* ! he tells them ; so gives up that
station.

Yet if times will warrant a bolder stroke,
He takes a hint from his neighbor Fulton,
And thinks his engagement must not be broke
To furnish with steamers the Turkish Sultan.
And still, to show—how—even in that,

With the "balance of power" he never will trifle,
He sends out a ship, to the Autocrat,
As deep as can swim, with his "patent rifle."

Tho' eccentric his course, he is self-possessed ;
He is always ahead of the time and tide ;
Ere he starts on a plan, he is *sure* 'tis the best,
And to carry it out is his greatest pride.
Tho' his passions are warm, and have plenty of fuel,
He never is seen in the brawler's lists ;
Should you dare him forth to a *downright* duel,
Take the weapons *you* please, *he* will trust to his *fists*.
Tho' his temper is uniform, slow, and calm,
'Tis a dangerous business to rouse his ire ;
It doubles the strength of his giant arm,
And makes his eye flash like a "Prairie Fire."

His manners are simple, his language plain,
His bargains are close, to be sure, but fair ;
Of names or of forms not disposed to be vain,
But his principle is to be punctual and *square*.
To feel quite at *home*, to be open and frank,
Wherever he is, is his strongest passion ;
And this makes him show his respect for rank,
Without much regard, for the laws of fashion.

He would kiss a Queen, till he raised a blister,
With his arm round her neck, and his old felt hat on ;
Would address a King by the title of "Mister,"
And ask him the price, of the throne he sat on.

Now such are the Yankees — such are they,
When the times let them live in their own odd way.
But go to the halls of high debate,
To ocean's wave, or battle field,
When the wavering strength of the leaguered state
Demands an arm that will never yield ;
Will their hearts grow faint ? are they *cravens* there ?
Not so ! say the hills and the forests old,
That saw our fathers unmurmuring bear
Disease, and hunger, and want, and cold.
Not so ! says yonder old Oaken Tree,
The earliest ark of our Liberty.
Not so ! says the blood-won soil we tread,
And the echo swells from the glorious *dead*.
Not so ! say the faint, surviving few,
Of Freedom's *first* and noblest band,
Who bore her toils and battles through,
Till the shout arose from a ransomed land.

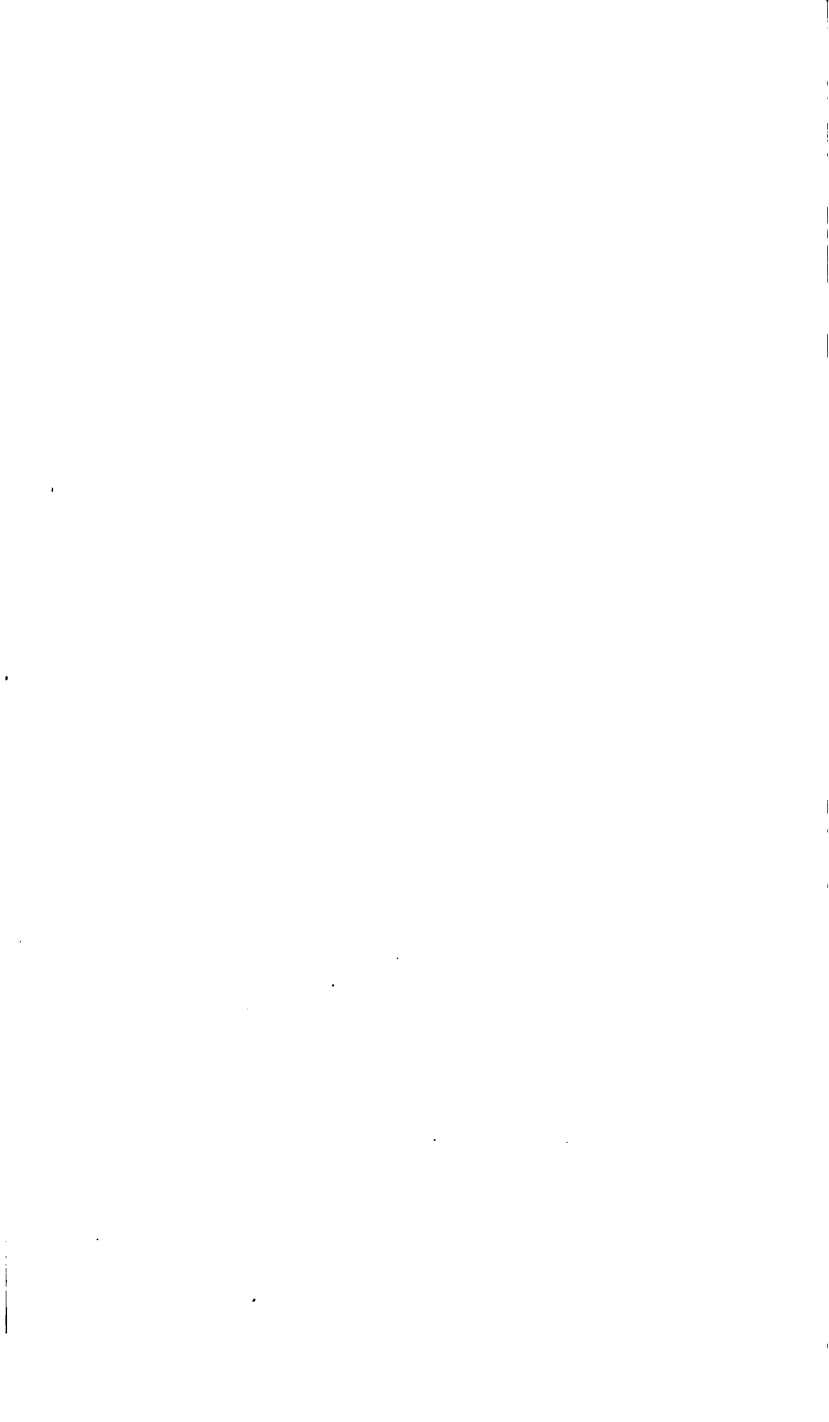
Not so! says the dark, but crowning day,
When the patriot soldiers homeward came,
With no rich spoils from the war array,
Save their country's peace, and a virtuous fame.

Would you know who *are* New England's sons?
Go read as history's annal runs;
Learn there whose blood was freely poured
In those dark days of yore,
When the war-cloud burst, and the cannon roared,
Our peaceful hills and our mountains o'er,
High waved our *Eagle* banner free,
While sunk the *Lion's* darkly down,
And the boasting lord, of the boundless sea,
An equal foe, was compelled to own.
Learn there who will stand, by their rights and homes,
When the deluge of war, in thunder comes,
And over the earth, in a rushing flood,
Is poured the tempest of fire and blood,
And the gore, unavenged, reeks far to the skies,
Where the martyr of Liberty bravely dies.

Learn there, who will sweep in their might,
O'er the ocean's path of glory,
Though dark around them is the night,
And the waves beneath them gory.
Whatever names, *that* scroll may bear,
New England's sons are foremost there ;
As free from stain, or coward shame,
As from the warrior's worthless fame.
They fought not for the wreath the victor wears ;
They heard with joy *war's clarion* cease ;
A higher, holier aim than *Fame* was theirs —
They fought, they bled, alone for peace.







THE IRON HORSE.

The following poem was written and delivered as a College exercise, at the Junior exhibition of Yale College, in 1839.

THE
I R O N H O R S E .

THERE were noble steeds in the days of old,
They were fierce in battle, in danger bold ;
They clanked in armor, and shone in gold,
 And they bore their riders with lordly pride ;
But the **IRON HORSE**, there were none like him !
He whirls you along till your eye is dim,
Till your brain is crazed, and your senses swim,
 With the dizzy landscape on either side !

He springs away with a sudden bound,
His hoof, unshodden, spurns the ground,
His nostril dashes its foam around,
 Like the first faint clouds of a thunder shower :

And a stated moment he ever hath,
When he rushes forth on his iron path,
And wo to him who shall rouse his wrath,
By curbing him in, beyond the hour!

While other steeds must be champing hay,
Must repose by night, and be fed by day,
Let the Iron Horse have his level way,
And he asks for only his fire and water.
He wears no bridle, nor curbing-chain,
He brooks no spur, and he needs no rein;
Only set him forth on the open plain,
And he'll be the last horse to weary or loiter;

All seasons and times he will fearless brave,
Whether hot shines the sun, or th' north winds rave;
He flies o'er the earth, and he rides the waves,
Like a shadowy cloud o'er the harvest fields:
He neighs aloud, as he dashes by,
And the fire-sparks flash from his gleaming eye,
And vales resound, and the hills reply,
To the rapid rush of the flashing wheels.

His breath is hot as the siroc's blast,
As it hisses forth through his iron teeth,
And it rolls up slow, when he hurries past,
Like the morning mist, in a snowy wreath.
And you'd better stand in the van of war,
Where the vollied death-shots fly free and far,
And thousands fall, ere the fight is done,
Than to cross the path that he flies upon,
Whenever the hurled and loud rattling car,
Like a thunder-gust, comes roaring on !

But not alone for his matchless speed,
Do we sing the praise of this noble steed.
'Such a fellow for business,' the Yankees say,
Can no where be found, in the old world or new ;
He will toil all night, he will toil all day,
And it's hard to tell what he *cannot* do.
With the old-fashioned method of working with tools,
Our mechanics and artists have nearly all done ;
For they find it much easier to sit on their stools,
While the work of twenty is done by one.

Not only the **SPEED** of this Iron Horse
Is such, that he leaves far behind in the course
All the fleetest racers that ever were shod ;
He's the fastest **WORKMAN** that ever you saw ;
He'll set more card-teeth, and braid more straw,
Than all the fair maids from New York to Cape Cod.
To be sure he wont work alone, but then
Not a fig would he give for his choice in men ;
Only let him have one, howe'er loose his wits,
And he'll spin you a yarn, or knit you a stocking,
With all the grave matrons that ever came flocking
To a gossiping party in old Massachusetts.

They say, beside, to raise cabbage and beets
In an hour, is but one of his many feats ;
He will warm your room, and cook your dinner,
And when it is ready, he will tell you so ;
And to this, you must add, he's a mere beginner,
Who learned his trade scarce a year ago ;
The Western men have taught him to mow,
To plough the field, and grind their wheat,

And he's all the same, in rain or snow,

In the winter's cold, or the summer's heat.

In the land of stern habits, he turns off clocks,

With such a fearful rapidity, it shocks

All the sober bounds of a man's belief ;

Give him but rags, and lo ! once or twice round,

He'll hand out a book, all printed and bound,

And paged off, in order, from leaf to leaf !

If he learns for the future as fast

As he has for a few years past,

And acquires, by the way, the habit of meddling,

The Yankees will certainly send him out peddling !

Had the animal lived in old Homer's day,

When Jupiter used such a store of thunder,

The forges of Vulcan, where deep they lay,

Half rending the crater of Ætna asunder

With their ceaseless roar, and thundering shocks,

Would have proved to be built for a useless trade ;

And Vulcan, ruined by the fall of stocks,

Would have turned the Cyclops off unpaid ;

For a thunder-bolt, forged by the Iron Horse,
And hurled by him on his flaming course,
Would have proved to mortals a hotter curse,
Would have bellowed louder, and blasted worse,
Than all that the king of the gods ever hurled
From his starry throne o'er a frightened world.

It is human nature to make or mar ;
So in modern times they have taught him war ;
And he throws a ball, they say, moreover,
With perfect ease, from Calais to Dover.
A common cannon, when once exploded,
Will fire not another shot, till loaded ;
He stops not to murder by such a dull scheme,
For he pours his balls in a ceaseless stream.
Had he stood in the straits of Thermopylæ
With only one of the three hundred men,
Who fought their last in the narrow glen,
To turn his front on that tossing sea
Of Persian plumes, as they onward came,
He had stolen the fame of the Spartan name,

And Xerxes' ranks had been widely strown,
In a sea of gore, that was all their own.

Would you know still more of this noble steed ?

The voice of the tempest is roaring loud,
And the howling blasts, in their viewless speed,
O'er the ocean are hurrying the darkening cloud.
The Storm-Spirit rides on the foam-crested wave,
And the Deep is roused to its fiercest wrath ;
Oh ! whose is the arm that hath power to save
The vessel that flies on his stormy path ?
The wrecks are whelmed in old ocean's caves,
And the sailors sink to their unknown graves,
While their dirge is sung by the sounding waves.

But see ! there's a ship ! yet it hath no sail ;
Perchance it is strown on the rushing gale :
But it hath no mast ! still onward it comes,
All bright and beautiful, alone,

When the tempest howls, and the roused deep foams.
She sends up a cloud that is wreathed in fire !

Ah ! her hapless fate must full soon be known !
The lightnings of heaven have smote her in ire :
But no ! those wreaths are too bright for smoke :

'Tis the rolling breath of the IRON HORSE !
In vain the winds from their caves have broke,
He drags the ship on her foaming course ;
With convulsive heaving, he paws the wave,
And the ship hath no need of mast or sail,
For his alone is the power to save
From the gathered rage of the sea and gale !

But not alone on the stormy sea,
Not alone through the vales of the northern clime,
Where he travels now so gloriously,
Shall his destined path in the future be ;
He shall cross the Alp and the Appenine,
His voice shall be heard by the winding Rhine ;
By the fallen fanes of the olden time ;

He shall send the roar of his rolling car,
Through the wide domains of the northern Czar ;
Through Sarmatia's wilds, and the Switzer's snows,
And along the vales where the Danube flows ;
Where the Moslem hears the Muezzin's cry,
'To prayer ! to prayer !' he shall hurtle by ;
Where the deep blue heaven of Asia smiles,
O'er her storied plains and countless isles,
And the flowers that breathe in the balmy air,
Are bright as the pearls that are shining there ;
Where the Afric sun pours his scorching beams
On the thirsty sands and the wasted streams ;
Where the Pharaohs, in their kingly pride,
Were rolled by night in the Red Sea's tide,
'Neath the palm-trees' boughs, the banyan's shade,
His iron pathway shall yet be laid.

On our mountain ridges his chariots gleam,
He follows the track of the winding stream ;
He will carry us forth from our early homes,
To the fairy scenes of the glowing West,

Where the Father of Waters in grandeur roams,
Through broad savannahs in verdure drest.
Away ! away ! with his ceaseless roar,
The valley and stream he will hasten o'er ;
Away ! away ! where the prairie lies,
Like an emerald sea, 'neath the fair blue skies,
With naught in view save the waving grass,
The flowers that bend as his chariots pass,
And in black and fearful host afar,
The countless herd of the buffalo,
That start at the gleam of his shining car,
And away, loud bellowing and thundering go,
With a speed that no foot of the deer can surpass.

The prairie-horses shall toss the mane,
Tear the ground with their hoofs, and neigh aloud,
When this stranger-steed o'er their free domain,
Comes rushing on, like a flying cloud ;
But he heeds them not, as he onward speeds,
With a tread as loud as a thousand steeds.

A sound shall be heard through the mountain caves,

A sound through the gloom of the pathless glen,

Like the hollow murmur of breaking waves,

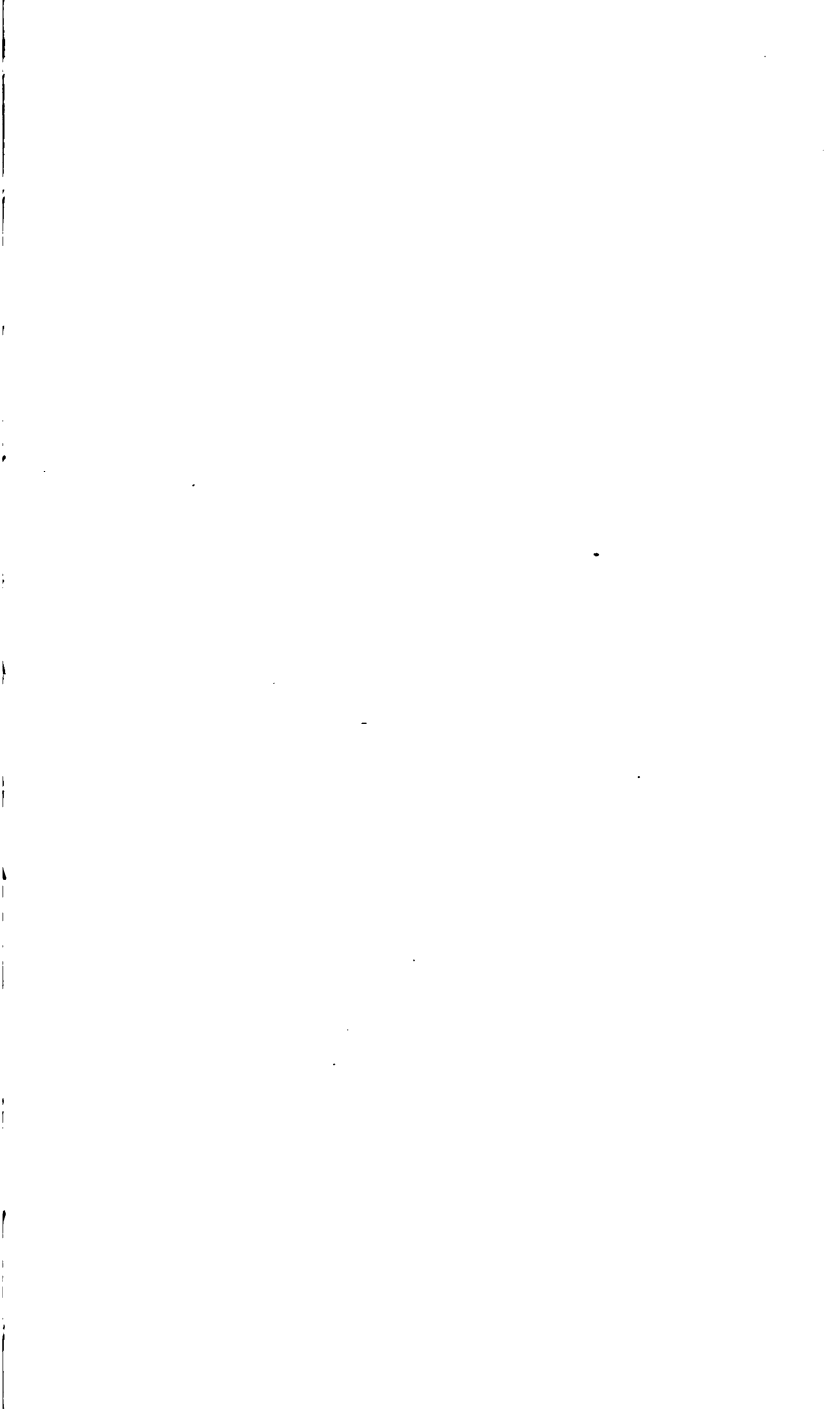
Or the measured tramping of mail-clad men ;

'Tis the IRON HORSE ! he hath passed the bound

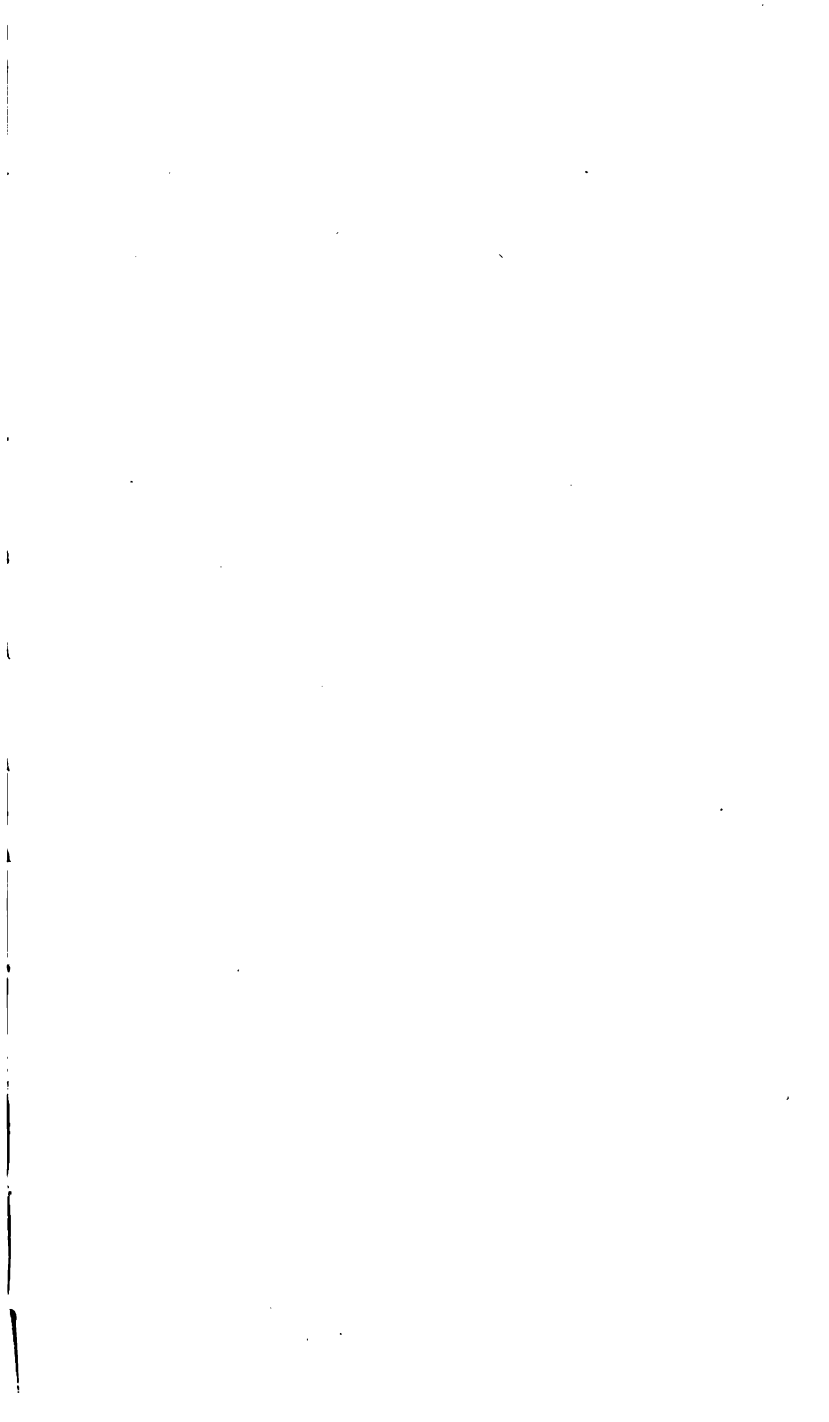
Of the wild sierras that fenced him round ;

He hath no more on the land to gain,

His path is free to the western main !







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